

34th Street

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They shoot

Westerns, don't they?





Coming out of the woodwork

What's that bub? Yuh say you're tired and lonely and need a rest? Yuh say the world, the whole bad blue world, has the trump card and yuh can't win a trick? Huh?

Yuh say yuh read all the mags this summer, huh? All the Harvard and Yale grads are working in taxis and factories. Easy life, huh? Nine to five, no worries, no hassles. Nice pay, no fortune, but nice pay, enough to live on. Enough for a kid if the wife works. Nice life, not fancy, but nice.

Sounds good bub, sounds mighty fine.

Consider the case of Harry Brandt, professional bugman. Or exterminator. Married, Two, maybe three, children.

If you're Harry you get up six-thirty, maybe seven, each morning, six days a week. The wife cooks breakfast, you shower. Over to the office to pick up the truck and meet your partner, John McGettrick. Load on today's supply of hydrochloric, bug bomb, DDT, rat poison. Tie a do-rag over your head to keep the tics off. Go out in the morning, kill yourself fifteen million bugs. Eat lunch. Kill a few million more, poison a few rat nests. Then back home and relax. No worry. Just relax. Easy life. Right?

Wrong. On the morning of June 19, Harry heads out to do his thing in Fox Chase, a peaceful little section of Northeast Philadelphia. Few bugs, few bucks. Dom is supposed to go into a suburban cellar, find some termites and wipe them out this morning.

John and you arrive about 9 A.M. Mrs. Tobin, the termite-ridden homeowner, opens the cellar and you go to work. You know the job well, and you know precisely where the poison holes have to be drilled. There are boxes in the way, so you'll move them. Can't work in cramped quarters. Safety first. The boss would like that. And besides, you wouldn't want to damage the client's property. No, sir. Move the boxes.

Harry never got the termites. One of the boxes - bane of his peaceful, quiet life - fell open. Harry discovered, police later said, was "the largest cache of guns, explosives and ammunition ever found in the Philadelphia area." Later yet they were to describe it as a "No comment."

Specifically, Harry discovered:
 - 100 rifles, one an M-16;
 - 17 machine guns;
 - 1 Thompson submachine gun;
 - 80 hand guns;
 - 10,000 rounds of small arms ammunition;
 - 3 half-pound blocks of TNT;

- Several 7.5 mm Russian shells;
- Two cases of Chinese communist stick-type grenades;
- A couple of German made rockets and rocket fuel;
- The undercarriage for a small howitzer;
- One mortar.

You see, the boxes Harry found belonged to George Fassnacht, a friend of Mrs. Tobias. George Fassnacht used to belong to the ballistics division of the Philadelphia Police Department. Now, George Fassnacht belongs to the Central Intelligence Agency. He's a secret-agent-man, on secret agency in Hong-Kong.

Actually Harry and the rest of us aren't sure George is in the CIA. He was up until a year ago, but then supposedly resigned. Attorney Anthony Peruto explains: "If he was employed by the CIA he would not be in a position to say so, and if he is not employed by them, then it has no bearing. Not that I'm trying to give the impression he is employed or is not employed by the agency. I can't say anything. Certain clearances have to be gotten." Anyhow, let's pretend he's still an agent.

Poor Harry. All because of him, George has to fly back from Hong Kong. All because of him, the whole police department is embarrassed (as Peruto notes, "This is a case of Gimbels not telling Macy's.") All because of him, maybe even Richard Nixon is embarrassed.

Harry isn't quite sure of why the CIA has guns and bullets and mortars in Fox Chase. Maybe they're planning another invasion of Cuba from the Schuylkill River. Maybe they're planning to give them to police in case of a riot. Maybe they're planning to give them to rioters so police will have an excuse to bust the shit out of the rioters. Maybe it's in case mother country is invaded. But Harry Brandt allows as how "the thing preyed on my mind... we were never allowed to assemble that much TNT in one place in Korea." He doesn't know why, but he can't relax any more. He can't forget.

The newspapers can, though. And George Fassnacht can. They stop printing news about it all. He hasn't come to trial yet. The books seem to be closing fast and tight on the Case of the Careful Bugman.

Sounds good bub, sounds mighty fine. but I just don't know.

--JOHN RILEY

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Thema

A look at the American Western film

By KENNETH SALIKOF

The screen flickers with moving silver images: a Hero and a Villain wrestling at the edge of some great cliff, a Heroine looking at the titanic struggle with frightened eyes. After several close calls, the Hero finally manages to push the Villain over the edge of the precipice, much to the relief of the anxious-looking Heroine and the peasants watching the film in a make-shift theater in Bolivia, captivated by a new invention they can barely comprehend.

Sitting in the audience are two men and a woman who, by their dress and bearing, look out of place, foreigners. Although their real names are Robert Leroy Parker and Harry Longbaugh, the two men are more commonly referred to as Butch Cassidy and the Sundance Kid. The woman is named Etta Place, Sundance's mistress. They are sitting in the theater -- really a large tent -- waiting for the train that will start Etta on her way back to America.

At last it's time to leave. As they stand up, the trio's attention is drawn to a new film just beginning. Called *The Hole-in-the-Wall Gang*, it depicts actors playing Sundance, Butch and members of his Wild Bunch meeting death at the hands of Mr. E.H. Harriman's Super-posse. Horrified at the lies projected on the screen, watching their acetate doppelgangers fall to their death, listening to the crazed cheering of the peasants, the two men stand rooted to the spot, while Etta leaves, almost unnoticed. Furiously, Butch yells out, "This isn't how it was--it wasn't like that--shut up--"

If you don't remember this superbly ironic scene from *Butch Cassidy and the Sundance Kid*, don't worry. It's not imagined nor are you suffering from amnesia. Although this scene from William Goldman's Academy Award-winning screenplay was filmed, it was excised from the release print because director George Roy Hill thought it too complex to work well on the screen. A pity, because in addition to showing a lovely close-up of Katherine Ross, the scene has much to do with the heart of a new trend within the western genre.

Butch's outrage at the chasm-like disparity between western history and western legend as portrayed on the screen is also the outrage of today's directors -- men affected by the truth and vision of Sam Peckinpah's *The Wild Bunch* and *The Ballad of Cable Hogue*, and joined by a mutual desire to view the west through fresh eyes and use this newly-minted point of view to place the mythology of the west in proper perspective.

Bridging the gap between reality and fiction, these post-Peckinpah westerns are better called anti-westerns because they manipulate western convention, the scenes obliges to create a new vitality within the genre.

To explain what is meant by manipulating convention, it is best to refer once again to the venerable *Butch Cassidy and the Sundance Kid*. The unconventionality of the film produces many humorous moments, that are

switches on what the audience expects of a western: the inability of the U.S. Marshall to deputize a posse to go after the Hole-in-the-Wall Gang, Butch and the Kid's exasperation at being relentlessly chased across the desert ("Who are those guys?"), Butch's confession at the worst possible moment that he has never killed anyone. Most uncharacteristic of all is the fact that the two heroes spend most of their time avoiding confrontations that might get them killed. (When was the last time you saw John Wayne cross the street to avoid facing down Richard Boone or Bruce Cabot?)

This difference between Butch and the Kid's life-saving pragmatism and the Duke's cardboard heroics clearly marks the change between the westerns of yesteryear and what is happening on screen today. Taken together, the films of Sam Peckinpah chart to microcosm the metamorphosis of the western: where once the accent was on action, today's westerns spurn action for characterization; where once heroics were the order of the day, today's western "heroes" are considered to be lucky if they manage to survive on a day

to day basis; and where once the western was a simplistic arena for the good guy in white and the bad guy decked out in basic black, today's westerns are filled with more realistically drawn, down-to-earth characters: peckerwoods (usually played by Strother Martin, L.Q. Jones and Warren Oates), pioneer women with bitterly seamed faces and lonely gunmen on horseback who die in accordance with their choice of lives.

Nobody makes westerns better than Americans. A natural fact. That's because the western is our heritage, our mythology, and no country has any kind of genre or period to equal it (although a case can always be made for the Japanese Samurai period, especially in light of Akira Kurosawa's *Yo Jimbo* and *The Seven Samurai* -- Americanized and westernized by John Sturges as *The Magnificent Seven*).

The summer of '71 is notable for producing a superfluity of westerns. Some we could have done without: *Lawman* (interesting only because it was directed by Britisher Michael Winner), *Big Jake* (with Big John Wayne, which says it all) and *The Hunting Party* (the most sadistic film of 1971, in which Gene Hackman uses his

rifle to shoot Candice Bergen in the vagina). But there are three films that are worth discussing; *Wild Rovers*, *McCabe and Mrs. Miller* and *Doc* are three contemporary western films with intellectual and emotional ambitions far in excess of that of the usual "action" film. Unfortunately, the one western that would make this discussion complete, Peter Fonda's *The Hired Hand*, has not been released yet in Philadelphia.

WILD ROVERS

"There is a young cowboy, he lives on the range. His horse and his cattle are his only companions. He works in the saddle and he sleeps in the canyon. Waiting for summer, his pastures to change."

James Taylor
"Sweet Baby James"

William Holden and a western titled *Wild Rovers*. With that combination, you needn't be much of a cynic to realize director Blake Edwards is riding Sam Peckinpah's high country. The film integrates most of the distinctive qualities of *The Wild Bunch* into its structure: a non-heroic depiction of the declining years of the west, extreme character motivation, wistful interludes, a rowdy sense of humor, impulsive violence and the slow-motion blood ballet.

Edwards has even adapted Peckinpah's themes to his film: lack of free will and the inexorable pull of destiny, the desire to return to a state of innocence and, most important, the absence of moral absolutes (unusual in a western) except for the Conradian idea of a man's fidelity to his word.

The important thing to note is that as directors go, Edwards is not Peckinpah. (I sometimes doubt whether Peckinpah is Peckinpah, given the Philistine filmmakers who are continually trying to dut off his balls.) Edwards, generally known as a director of light farce (*Darling Lili*, *The Pink Panther*), seems to lack Peckinpah's desire for telling a story about real people. But whether it is imitation, tribute or point of departure, *Wild Rovers* manages to be a western film of isolated stirring moments because it is well-crafted, making good use of Peckinpah's style. It is also an important film because Edwards' change of material (this is his first western) and the film's European "auteur" designation, "A Film by Black Edwards," imply a watershed development in the director's career.

As in most westerns, content is the least important aspect of the film. Edwards' story about the relationship between two cowboys, 50 year old Ross Bodine (Holden) and 25 year old Frank Post (*Love Story's* Ryan O'Neal), who rob a bank to fulfill their dreams of buying a spread in Mexico, is really a framework for the usual western conventions: an ornate whore house complete with shrill-voiced, rifle-toting madame, hokey barroom brawl, bank holdup, poker game, shoot out (quite well done in slow motion), range war and Mexican whores with (how you say?) hearts of gold.

Wild Rovers derives its strength from Edwards' ability to evoke the feel of the old west. (In this he is superbly aided by Philip Lathrop's photography, which changes the familiar western landscape into an alien one of brooding cobalt skies above a sea of yellow grazing grass.) For example: the relationship between



DAVID WARNER evokes the deity as the self-styled reverend in Sam Peckinpah's classic western, *THE BALLAD OF CABLE HOGUE*.

Bodine and Post is best shown in a slow-motion sequence that has Holden busting a bronc while O'Neal does somersaults in the snow to urge him on. This lyrical scene is reprised at film's end, along with Jerry Goldsmith's highly mournful score (his best since last year's *The Ballad of Cable Hogue*) a touching finish to a film that is a compassionate (but hardly passionate) elegy for the last of the wild rovers.

MCCABE AND MRS. MILLER

"Like any dealer he was watching for the card
That is so high and wild he'll never need
to deal another
He was just some Joseph looking for a manger
He was just some Joseph looking for a manger."

Leonard Cohen
"The Stranger Song"

Like *Wild Rovers*, Robert Altman's *McCabe and Mrs. Miller* shows complete disdain for western convention. Based on Edmund Naughton's 1959 novel, McCabe, the film, totally without recourse to western preconceptions, shows the disintegration of "Pudgy" John McCabe, tinnhorn gambler and reluctant martyr, and the growth of Presbyterian Church, the town McCabe (Warren Beatty) wanders into and converts from shanty town to pocket boom town with the aid of a whore house, saloon and his partner, the redoubtable Mrs. Constance Miller (Julie Christie giving her best performance since *Darling*).

The film isn't a western as much as it is a flesh-and-blood organism that sweats, breathes and bleeds with the raw, abandoned energy of life. Altman's single-minded vision (this is his first western, too) and dream-like evocation of the bawdier aspects of life in the west in 1902 is enhanced by Leonard Cohen's songs ("The Stranger Song," "Winter Lady," "Sisters of Mercy"), Leon Erikson's lived-in setting and the photography of Vilmos Zsigmond, either faded to look like a color photograph that has been left in someone's attic for too long, or stark to the point of being black and white to underscore the introduction of the film's three villains - surely the most menacing western characters to

appear in quite some time.

Like Altman's greatest triumph, *M*A*S*H*, this hymn to individual achievement and initiative is most powerful when its impulses are dramatic and comic at the same time. In a burst of drunken audacity, cocky McCabe turns down a mining company's offer to buy him out, only to find in the sober light of day that three killers have been hired by the mining company to expedite matters in a less costly and time consuming fashion. He then seeks justice from a politicking lawyer (William Devane), who sees McCabe's cupidity and eventual martyrdom as a means of winning the Junior Senate seat. With all the guile and toothsome truthfulness of a Southern California used car salesman, he convinces McCabe to tackle the killers in the name of the little businessman. Finally, the silent reverend of Presbyterian Church denies McCabe sanctuary from the three killers. This sets in motion circumstances that force McCabe to die alone in the snow because the townspeople are too busy saving their empty hulk of a church from destruction from fire.

If Altman's message is clear, the failure of justice and religion to serve mankind in practical ways, his style seems to be something less to most people. Critics and the lay audience alike condemned the film's "filthy" language, lack of plot and incomprehensible dialogue. However, if you are in tune with Altman's belief that a film should be a visceral and not articulated experience, the visual essence rather than the literal reality, you will see that the film succeeds not despite these "faults," but because of them. Altman never spoon-feeds an audience and firmly believes that a viewer should work to understand a film, just as a reader must work to understand a novel or poem. This concept is quite easy to grasp, but it is surprising how many critics misunderstood the intentions of this film, especially when you consider there is nothing stylistically in McCabe and Mrs. Miller that wasn't in *M*A*S*H* first.

Stylistically, the ambience of the film is something that is felt rather than observed or heard. In addition to taking out whole chunks of plot and leaving characterizations on the subliminal level, this feeling is engendered by Altman's marvelous ability to convey the



WILLIAM HOLDEN and RYAN O'NEAL mount up after enjoying a wistful interlude with the young lady on their left.

tensions of life in a small, self-contained community. With so much going for it, McCabe and Mrs. Miller is that rarest of rarities: the classic American motion picture.

DOC

"he was a handsome man
and what I want to know is
how do you like your blueeyed boy
Mister Death"

e.e. cummings

Doc is high camp and high kitsch at high noon. Among other distinctions this version of the legend of Doc Holliday and Wyatt Earp features the most trite line of dialogue heard in a film in 1971. This momentous event occurs when Clum (Dan Greenberg), editor of the *Tombstone Epitaph*, encounters Doc and the Brothers Earp on their way to the gunfight at the OK Corral. "Guns never solve anything," perpetually a glum Clum informs Doc. Like Clum's remark, Doc, is filled with good intentions. But then again, so is the road to hell.

What's surprising about the failure of Doc is the number of talented people connected with the project. The screenplay is written by Pete Hamill, journalist and novelist (*A Killing for Christ*). The film is directed by Frank Perry (*Diary of a Mad Housewife*, *David and Lisa*). The film stars character actor Stacy Keach (*The Traveling Executioner*) as the tubercular Doc Holliday, Harris Yulin (*End of the Road*) as the corrupt and cowardly Wyatt Earp and Faye Dunaway as Kate Elder, the prostitute Doc wins in a poker game and falls in love with.

Doc's problems begin with the screenplay. While Hamill is right in his desire to paint a portrait of the real west, there is something specious and artificial about his attempt to connect the violence of the west with the contemporary violence of Southeast Asia.

Hamill's picture of Wyatt Earp is a scathing one and a far cry from the Wyatt of legend and six or seven previous motion pictures. Hamill's Earp is a pistol-whipping bully, an opportunistic politician moving from railhead to railhead, a boy who never grew up, a latent homosexual with Doc as the object of his affection. Doc is seen as a tragic, doomed figure, forced to take sides with the man he has lost faith in.

Frank Perry conceives of Doc as a "Hogarthian" western, filled with the lively detail and caricature that is Hogarth's hallmark. This concept runs counter to the idea behind Hamill's screenplay. How can you have a film that at the same time debases legends and celebrates the larger-than-life? You can't, and the result is the year's most schizophrenic film since *The Anderson Tapes*.

There is much in Doc that is reminiscent of McCabe and Mrs. Miller, the only difference being that Altman's direction is convincing while Perry's is theatrical and contrived. Perry's *Tombstone* lacks the grittiness and haphazard layout of Presbyterian Church. Altman stages a knife fight that, viewed through a telephoto lens, has all the immediacy and danger of the real event, while Perry stages a knife fight that begins as if on cue and looks too well rehearsed to be real.

The acting is on a par with this contrived atmosphere. The actors try to give their dialogue a weight and substance the screenplay lacks, making the dialogue and acting seem pretentious. Pretentious is a good way to sum up Doc, a film that shows what happens when easterners make a western.

You hear it whispered that the western is dead, that it's been talked and intellectualized to death. Bullshit! The western genre and the film medium are as compatible as man and horse. In no other medium has the western fared as well, not television or literature or drama. Like another favorite film genre, the detective film, the western shows a resiliency, a fantastic ability to weather succeeding waves of spaghetti westerns, adult westerns and whatever else the movie moguls can dream up. Every now and then, a Sam Peckinpah or Monte Hellman comes along and revitalizes the genre with his own particular vision. To do away with the western would be like cutting away our umbilical cord with the past; it's unthinkable. As long as the cinema exists, so will the western. Of this you can be certain.

The western dead? Not really. Merely alive and well and hiding in Bolivia. Just like Butch and Sundance. Charging and shooting and damning the odds, they'll all go on forever.



"Pudgy" John McCabe (WARREN BEATTY) and Mrs. Constance Miller (JULIE CHRISTIE), the reluctant lovers of Robert Altman's new film, stroll the main drag of Presbyterian Church.

Bergman: losing the touch?

By JON PASTOR

The Touch is a first for director Ingmar Bergman in several respects: it is, or course, his first film in English; it is the first "love story" of his current stylistic period; it is the first film in this period in which one of the leads is played by someone who does not belong to Bergman's troupe of actors; and it is the first film in the period which does not surpass its predecessors in any way.

This is not an outright condemnation of the film. One has come to expect so much from Bergman that anything short of a masterpiece is a disappointment, and The Touch - despite Sven Nykvist's inevitably superb camera work and fine performances by Bergman regulars Bibi Andersson and Max von Sydow - is by no means a masterpiece, and it is the film's "innovation" which is primarily responsible for its weaknesses.

First, Bergman's English (contrary to popular reports) is far from fluent; his diction and - more important - cadence are awkward. The dialogue in the film is, consequently, often strained and forced, especially that between Miss Andersson

and Elliott Gould. This awkwardness is all the more exasperating in that it forces one to wonder why Bergman chose to make the film in English, considering the problems already inherent in the gargantuan task of directing a film. The most plausible explanation is that the English audience is considerably larger than the Swedish audience, that Bergman wishes to reach as many viewers as possible.

This would also explain in part the naturalism of The Touch. *Persona* and *Hour of the Wolf* make no pretense of naturalism; the tendency appears in *Skammen* and develops in *A Passion*, becoming dominant in *The Touch*. The earlier films are not devoid of love relationships, for example, but those relationships are demented, perverse, distorted, anything but conventional; motives are never fully exposed, no excuses are made for unusual behaviors. In *The Touch*, the affair between David and Anna is tender and sentimental, and all deviations from love norms are carefully explained; the characters are no deeper than their screen images. Tenderness and sentiment are not in

themselves antagonistic to power and depth in cinema, as Truffaut proves in *Jules et Jim*, but they do seem to conflict with the most vital element of Bergman's technique - his ability to probe the boundaries between the real and the surreal, the natural and the supernatural, the world of the normal mind and the world of psychopathology, and to blend all of these elements into a jagged but homogenous whole; his ability to move in regions deeper than the intellect.

The mundane quality of the plotline is accentuated by Elliott Gould's portrayal of David. Gould is typecast once again, and delivers his lines as though it is he - and not the others - who is speaking a language foreign to him; the fact that Bergman chose him for the role only points up Bergman's poor command of English. Andersson and von Sydow, on the other hand, both adapt excellently to the foreign language and seem natural and relaxed in their roles, as usual. The film is not set primarily on Bergman's island, but rather in a small Swedish town. The cinematography and montage are characteristically beautiful, but their beauty is cheapened by the un-

Bergmanesque simplicity and straightforwardness of the action, whereas their majesty is so well complemented by the inventiveness and mystery of *Persona* and *Hour of the Wolf*, and by the taut and uncertain atmosphere of *Shame* and *A Passion*.

Perhaps it is unfair to judge a director's most recent film by the standards set by his others. Admittedly, *The Touch* is a radical departure from Bergman's highly successful formula, and therefore should not be viewed with the same expectations. *Persona*, too, was a pioneer work; but it followed a trend already established and carried its development to a new level of cinematic expression. *The Touch* has no precedent among Bergman's earlier works; the few romances - *A Lesson in Love* and *All these Women*, for example - are comedies. Whether *The Touch* is actually a harbinger of things to come, and if so, whether Bergman can master his new idiom, remains to be seen. One can only hope that, if he fails, he will return to the realm of the mysterious and deep, the realm over which he now reigns unchallenged.



Nobody doesn't like Wyeth

By BARBARA FLANAGAN

The Esso station is the center of Chadds Ford, Pa. and the principle information source for art and ecology pilgrims seeking the home of all the painting Wyeths - N.C., Jamie, and Andy. That Route 1 Esso station can supply any of the Sunday drivers-in with complete directions to both the Eastern Ponderosa spread that is Wyeth's or to the newly constructed and restored sylvan shrine that triples as "conservancy," art museum, and unofficial monument to the Wyeths who still live there. The Esso man will set the interested off in the direction of either homestead or hall of Wyeth artwork with a well-drilled "it's a ha'fa mile down th' road" that spells a nonchalance about being host to the world of America's best-loved artist.

The Brandywine River Museum is a freshly restored Civil War grist mill that will devote a gallery floor to each of the area's greatest painters until October 17th. All thos - a show called "This Brandywine Tradition" - celebrates the opening of the Museum. After each October the building will serve as a study center for the cultural tradition of the Brandywine Valley and the preservation of its natural landscape.

Rumor had it that some impatient American art lovers had immortalized Wyeth before his time with a hometown museum of Wyeth reproductions. However, the conservationist spirit was initially sparked by the threat of an industrial complex planning to roost in the greater part of Chadds Ford that is already marred by a highway and a gas station. An organization called the Tri-County Conservatory sprang to the valley's defense by buying the land and changing the old mill into a well architected showplace.

In spite of these ecological undertones, the Brandywine River Museum will no doubt become a mecca to Wyeth enthusiasts. The galleries, now fitted for fine art, may have to be filled with Wyeth memorabilia when America's painting

family leaves its whole history to the public domain.

Not only is there a great market for Wyeth paintings, but also for a life story of the family phenomenon. Some obliging

Sara Lee's baking happens to be frozen. Both can claim their own perfection.

Wyeth has a remarkable way of winning approval out of an American public who have reserved their trust and

vented, but it is not. The hills are alive. The snow chills. And most of Wyeth's portrait models are in the Chester County phone directory.

Loving Andrew Wyeth with a critical consciousness is a tricky thing. Here is a nicely noncommittal appraisal of Wyeth, often heard: He is the best at the kind of art that he works at. But differentiating between what Wyeth actually depicts and intentional fallacy is the baffler. Wyeth's uniqueness is his way of capturing fragile moods that seem as ephemeral as the presence of light that may create them. But he manages this with an amazing minimum of editorializing. His paintings exclude labored themes and inserted comment. His art is one part contemporary feeling for the power of selection that the best photographers possess, and one part anachronistic attention to exactitude. Jamie, Andrew's son and star pupil, is represented with 51 works that make his father's shine. He has the same eye for rendering detail, but somehow does not have the same talent for decisive choices - yet.

...

A pilgrimage to Chadds Ford has its dangers. One Wyeth stopped taking patrons to the real-life equivalents of the paintings they own when he saw that they were crushed to discover all the artistic license that he actually uses. In addition, this exhibit confuses the issue of Andrew Wyeth even while documenting the Brandywine tradition that spawned him. To present him as a product of the bucolic Brandywine setting is to make him into a historical hero before an artistic one. The anonymity of the Pennsylvania place that seemed so distant, when included on New York museum labels, is violated. However is well worth spending a Sunday afternoon on that quiet river bank 22 miles southwest of Philadelphia and finding that a living native artist is being looked at even though it is disappointing to see his potential as the embodiment of Americana being promoted.



Wyeth's portrait of America?

American is preparing a documentary-spectacular that will sandwich cunningly zoomed shots of paintings between scenes of their actual Pennsylvania inspiration.

The thought of the country-dreamy musical score that it will use is like molasses on an aching tooth.

Another proof of Andrew's own popularity, in fact one which makes him seem like the Sara Lee cake that "nobody doesn't like," came when President Nixon invited the artist to exhibit in the White House. Wyeth's painting happens to be super-realistic in the same way that

enthusiasm for widely copyrighted painters like Walter Keane or Norman Rockwell. Although Andrew Wyeth does have a cover illustration for the *Saturday Evening Post* to his name, he keeps his aesthetic distance from those bathetic heroes of human interest. This is not to say that Wyeth is too sacred to be enjoyed. At least those who love Wyeth for the "wrong" reasons can name those reasons proudly. Many marvel at the countless dashes of tempera that help to make masterpieces of time and effort. The story of the crippled Christina in her world holds enough pathos to be in-



music

Gettin' in tune Rock in the summer of 1971

By PETER BAUM

Summer 1971 was no Woodstock Nation Summer but, as strange as it may seem, a few trips to the concerts and the record shops provided some cause for optimism.

Of course, we had our share of summertime blues. Most of the scheduled rock festivals turned out to be "bummers" for assorted reasons, but this was no surprise. At Shea Stadium, Grand Funk Railroad was about as successful as the Mets, and Terry Knight realized that he'd better stick to working the smaller clubs, like Madison Square Garden. Bill Graham closed the Fillmores, but Zappa told us "I'm sure he'll get into something better," which is comforting to hear, coming from Frank.

Despite these disappointments, rock music itself has rarely been in more promising shape that it is now, at the end of Summer '71. According to the charts, the popular trend still seems to be with the solo artist. Granted, this summer's albums by Carole King, James Taylor, Rod Stewart, Elton John, Joni Mitchell, Paul McCartney, Graham Nash, are basically fine. But few of them offer nearly as much variety, depth, and excitement as the outstanding albums released by groups this summer. My six choices for this summer's top albums are all group efforts, and these records, coupled with the appearances of the groups, are the causes for this recent optimism. On the whole, they demonstrate the eclecticism of rock at its best; taken separately, they are triumphs of individual rock stylings:

1) TARKUS - Emerson, Lake & Palmer

Some have complained that the first side is overambitious. Some say the songs on side two are ineffective. To this, I would respond that this album is overambitious in the way that Sgt. Pepper and Tommy were. The "Tarkus" suite is one of the most musically compelling album sides in recent memory as Emerson's rhythmically complex instrumentals link with Lake's three beautiful songs to create a most convincing statement that makes it on the musicianship alone. Side two is less spectacular but perfectly acceptable; "Are You Ready Eddy?" is a great Little Richard style cut serving as Emerson's "Blues Power" ("Betcha didn't think I knew how to rock 'n' roll.")

Throughout the album Greg Lake is once again superb on bass, vocals, guitar, and production, as is Carl Palmer, who is getting to be an impeccable technician on drums. But the obvious star is Keith Emerson who has the musical talent and knowledge to justify his theatrics. In concerts this summer, Emerson continued to play his brilliant, long piano improvisation during "Take a Pebble" before delighting the crowds with his famous knife stabbing and playing backwards routines. And that Moog! Emerson is learning more about this limitless instrument and is becoming increasingly successful at incorporating it into the group's sound. We are in store for some rare treats in the future from Mr. Emerson and his Moog, no doubt.

Tarkus is easily one of the most impressive and inventive albums of this year and ELP was certainly one of this summer's biggest hits on tour. When kids are jamming the auditoriums to hear this caliber of music, there's got to be hope for rock's future.

2) FOURTH - Soft Machine

If you haven't heard anything by Soft Machine yet, you'd better get this album fast before the group gets another five years ahead of its time. Best known for critically acclaimed keyboard artist Mike Ratledge who does some incredible things on electric piano and organ, the group's other members, Hugh Hopper on bass, Robert Wyatt on drums, and especially Elton Dean on alto sax, are all on the same stratospheric musical level as Ratledge. Soft Machine is a rock group that became strongly influenced by such progressive jazzmen as Herbie Hancock, Chick Corea, and Sun Ra, resulting in a

bopperish repertoire. Evidently, one Francis Vincent Zappa noticed this too, and the result was the inclusion of Kaylan and Volman along with Turtles bassist Jim Pons into Zappa's new Mothers. Now, the work of Kaylan and Volman backed by Pons, Aynsley Dunbar, Bob Harris, and old Mother Ian Underwood and Don Preston has produced the most immediately engrossing Zappa record since Only In It For the Money.

This is not to say that the live Fillmore LP will hold up as well as such classics as Absolutely Free or Hot Rats, but on first listening, this is certainly Zappa's most entertaining record in a good while. The

as delivered by Kaylan and Volman, who have a flair for Zappa's special type of wild humor. The album is basically one sketch dealing with the evolution of a teen dance, the Mud Shark, into the encountering of a big Hollywood rock star (Kaylan) by a gang of groupies, headed by Volman. The results are typical Zappa at his best: satirical, obscene, outrageously funny.

While the dialogue seems to dominate, the music is there as well. Although the new band doesn't have the depth of the old Mothers, fine versions of three of Zappa's best numbers, "Little House I Used To Live In," "Willie the Pimp," and "Peaches En Regalia," are offered. Don Preston does an effective "mini-moog" solo on "Lonesome Electric Turkey" and the musical baking during the sketches is perfect. If you have yet to hear this record, prepare for a special treat. But I doubt if you'll ever see it high on the charts, with a bullet.

4) CHASE

Chase is a new band that is being labeled jazz-rock for lack of a better description. Virtuoso trumpeter and leader Bill Chase has said that the group plays both rock and jazz but does not make the mistake of blending the two styles together. Instead of creating a jazz-rock amalgamation, Chase tries to provide a link between pure jazz and pure rock without sacrificing one in favor of the other. The formula works and the result is a more satisfying LP than the recent albums of the other two leading "jazz-rock" groups, Chicago and Blood, Sweat and Tears.

Each musician comes from either a strong rock or jazz background but has the flexibility to cross over from one style to another. The heart of the nine-piece band is its four-man trumpet section, led by Bill Chase, whose soloing causes much of the excitement. The vocals are fine and the rhythm section, particularly bassist Dennis Johnson, can really move. I personally prefer the rock cuts like "Livin' In Heat" but the jazz on "Open Up Wide" and "Invitation to a River" is first-rate. The album does not sag in certain spots the way those of Chicago and B, S & T tend to do at times, and bridges the jazz-rock gap better than the other albums. It will be interesting to see how the group progresses with its follow-up, but for the time being we have a pleasing effort.

(Continued on page 8)



FRANK ZAPPA

unique form of jazz-rock improvisation. The only rock band to achieve a similar sound and style was Zappa's old Mothers in the most involved moments of their Uncle Meat days. On this album, Soft Machine does some very complex experimenting with counterpoint, modality, combining electric and acoustic bass, and the like that is rarely easy to understand but almost always interesting and innovative. Most often, the group presents Coltrane-like jazz taken a step beyond this already advanced musical form by combining solo passages and adding guest artists on double bass, cornet, trombone, tenor sax, bass clarinet, and flute. Probably the best representative cut is Ratledge's "Teeth." Soft Machine is playing the most involved form of rock I have heard in quite a while, and the group should play an influential role in shaping the music of the '70's. Give it a try, but have patience.

3) FILLMORE EAST, JUNE 1971 - The Mothers

I always had the feeling that there was something unusual about Howard Kaylan and Mark Volman when they were with the Turtles. The onstage mannerisms and antics of the group's two lead singers always seemed a bit out of place with the band's basically teeny-

reason for this is the increased use of vocals and dialogue after a series of primarily instrumental albums from Zappa and the Mothers. Zappa's lyrics have always been as hard-hitting as his music, and it's great to have them back in large doses on this record, especially

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Up against the wall of science with Firesign Theatre

By BILL VITKA

"Before the beginning, there were hot lumps; cold and lonely, they whirled noiselessly through the black holes of space."

Then Firesign Theatre looked upon the face of the Earth and said "Behold! Let us separate the curds from the whey." They did and it was good.

And they begat the Electrician, or some one like him, who was Comedy. And the Electrician begat Danger and Used Cars and Subtlety. Then from the root sprang Tirebiter, a self-conscious and precocious child, and it was good.

Then Lo, Tirebiter gave birth to a son, whom he bore in tears. And he grew all day, and then fell over. And he was called Clem.

Beginning with *Don't Crush That Dwarf, Hand Me The Pliers*, Firesign Theatre had already transcended the concept of pure entertainment. They were producing more than comedy, and even something more than satire. Than were providing us with a new way of seeing. While they were feeding the belly with laughter, they were also feeding the mind with ideas.

And more. Slowly Firesign began hustling for ART. Style; structure; process; technique suddenly had a new premium. The narrative progress was no longer linear. Dramatic effects could be created by intercutting scenes that on the surface were disconnected. In this format, the accuracy and insight of satire achieved a precision that is almost without parallel. And beyond the innate value of the satire was a conscious and deliberate attempt to expand the possibilities of the recording medium.

If one of the responsibilities of art is to provide us with a vision, then Firesign has supplied us with a complete and persuasive nightmare. It is an Orwellian test tube future, complete with metaphysical dilemmas, cosmic fantasies, and real existential despair.

The focus of all Firesign's work is relatively simple: Life is a gradual progression - yesterday sucked; today sucks; tomorrow will suck. Examine your environment: Spiro Agnew, General Motors, Feminine Hygiene Deodorant Sprays; Triple-S-Blue Stamps; Lt. William Calley; Ken and Barbie Dolls; Let's Make A Deal; Vietnam; and American Flag Decals.

From the bleeding heart liberal point of view, all these are mere defects in the forward motion of technology that will inevitably rescue man from himself. Sure, David Susskind tells his children the system isn't perfect, but all it needs is a little reform, some minor repairs, new legislation, and Adolf Hitler.

Toleration is the prescription when the only medicine is outrage.

The new Firesign album, *I Think We're All Bozos On This Bus*, is an extension of the essentially tragic vision which began on *DCTD*, *HMTTP*. Life is reduced to government-inflicted simulation. Technology becomes an electronic drug to induce mass conformity. Statistical averages become the law of the day. And illusion is trucked out as reality.

The particular target of Firesign's invective, as usual, is the myth that science, a priori, can redeem man. The metaphor Firesign uses to illustrate the negative probabilities of the near future is an exhibition park, a kind of New York World's Fair circa 1984. It's an elec-

tronic-television circus, a paen to science governed by Robot's Rules of Order.

The whole thing starts off with a Bert Park's introduction to the end of the world, i.e. the beginning of the future. Clem, a social pariah who doesn't wear shoes, dawdles into this technological Disneyland out of boredom and latent curiosity. The entire exhibit is computerized (like that society), peopled with clones (multiple biological duplicates) and holograms (3-D television-like images) who take Clem on a surrealistic tour of creation and the history of man.

I am La Brea man. I am first man. I discover pain and boredom.

Together with all his immediate

is the product of accident, not diligence. It happens ironically while Fudd is whacking off on his new astrolabe, causing it to fall down the kitchen stairs. This masturbation fantasy introduces a series of sexual metaphors for technology that would seem to reflect Fudd's particular neurosis specifically, and the neurosis of society generally. For example, a later refinement of the motor-driven Pushover is Testicles Deviant to Fudd's Law which states that "If it goes in, it must go out." Moreover, machines are described as having testicles, entertaining female sexual characteristics, and enjoying orgasm. Re: Herman Melville's *The Maids of Tartus* imports similar sexual metaphors to technology, among others.

dunno. I tink hees gonna' break it."

Inasmuch as the computer cannot tolerate nonsense or illogic, Clem has forced the president branch of the computer to collapse. At which point, Deputy Dan and a variety of other defense mechanisms are instructed to remove Clem from the exhibition park.

Clem continues to dawdle, though, inspired perhaps by his recent action against the president. He ignores the Anxious Anderiod, Chucko, the Rocket Robot who delivers the pitch, "I need brave boys and girls who aren't afraid to live outside the law of gravitv. Families who can sleep in tubes and push buttons Adventurers like YOU!" Clem also passes up the Hideo-Nuts-And-Bolts-A-Drome where you can "pit your mettle against common household appliances!" Which would make it mettle against metal.

Now before Deputy Dan or Artie-Choke can remove Clem, he transforms himself into a hologram to search out the very heart of the computer, Doctor Memory. Mr. Wizard would shit the proverbial brick.

Clem, once Worker, now hologram, calls Dr. Memory into operation. Understand that Clem realizes he's fucked up the President and that unless he can repeat the performance, it's the Hospitality Station and Deputy Dan.

He asks the Doctor the same nonsense question. "Why does the porridge bird lay its eggs in the air?" And like the President, Clem manages to ambush the computer with the full impact of, let's say, the essential truth of an existential universe. Dr. Memory, shilled by Clem, begins a series of random associations that compress the fundamental assumptions of Firesign's 1984 into a compact, dramatic package (and it is literally brilliant, ingenious, original, etc.).

Vacuum tubes begin to backfire; the weight of overloading circuits catapults Dr. Memory into an apocalyptic 4th of July firework display. And end the fantasy, Part I.

Then begin the Fantasy, Part II. A travelling circus, complete with firework displays, fairways, and a fortune teller. The same basic characters appear in a subtle costume change moving about a century backward in time.

To reveal that it's all been a shuck. The shill (Clem?) has hustled another rube (Barney the Bozo) with a spectacular prophecy of the future. And there's a sailor waiting in line, but keep the horses ready in case the rubes stumble into the truth.

Self-caricature? Firesign parodying themselves? As hucksters? Including the possibility of error, even humility? And self-conscious, yes. But not as crazy when you consider, for example, that a writer by the name of Shakespeare projected himself onto a 3 foot maniac named Puck in *A Midsummer Night's Dream*.

Two albums ago, Firesign borrowed Molly Bloom's soliloquy from *Ulysses* for an album and used it with intelligence, precision, and even grace. *ITWABOTB* demonstrates that Firesign has continued to exercise the various faculties of insight, wit, and the creative imagination. Moreover, Firesign are producing satire of a caliber that send you to Johnathan Swift for legitimate parallels. And they are doing things on record that have NEVER been done before. What other credentials do you need for High Art?



Firesign: four crazy guys

ancestors, man "made enough noise to keep the wolves awake."

A parody of the biblical myth of Genesis is contrasted with the equally preposterous rationalism of science. The vision that science proposes appears to have more credibility only because this particular society has subordinated the variety of human responses to the vacuum tubes of the computer, just like the Bozo jokes inflicted on Clem ("Why did the short-hair cross the road? Because he was told to. That's very logical.")

Men actively disavow their humanity, comply with fashion and inflated shoes, and tragically conform to preprogrammed conditioning.

The simplistic vision that science provides is focused on the motor driven pushover. This is a parallel history version of, say, Newton and the apple, or Rutherford's atom, or even Felix Honneikker's ice-nine. Sir Sydney Fudd's First Law of Opposition, "If you push something hard enough, it will fall over,"

In this dehumanized society, the computer exists as a symbol and vehicle for efficiency, knowledge, and power (sound familiar?). Supplied with these premises, then, the selection of a president, say, would be inevitably one constructed from vacuum tubes, binary number systems, electric circuits, and punchcard intelligence.

As Clem proceeds along the fairway, unimpressed with the electronic sham that has apparently mesmerized the patrons, he moves closer and closer toward a collision course with the president-computer. As everyone who enters the fair, Clem is permitted an interview with the electric head of state (who sounds, verily, like Richard Milhous).

Clem asks one question: "Why does the porridge bird lay its eggs in the air?" The president begins to sputter like a '56 Volkswagen in heat, and then whirls to a stop like a gramophone winding down. Someone, who sounds very much like Pico from *DCTD*, *HMTTP*, calls out, "I

Weather Report: clear and warm

By DEAN SURKIN

Downbeat ran a two page, five-star review. Clive Davis, president of Columbia records, contributed some liner notes. Most unusual of all, the record lists for \$4.98 instead of the usual (for jazz records) of \$5.98.

Alphonze Mouzon, undeservedly unknown, contributes the drums, joining Airtio Moreiro (of Miles Davis' *Live at Fillmore* album) in the percussion section. The young poll-winning Czech bassist, Miroslav Vitous, is here as well as Josef Zawinul, the Australian keyboardist and composer of such jazz standards as "Mercy, Mercy, Mercy," after leaving Cannonball Adderly and playing Miles Davis studio sessions; also the critics' choice (Downbeat 1971 poll) on soprano sax, Wayne Shorter, also formerly with Miles Davis...This quintet created the album entitled *Weather Report*, one step beyond *Bitches Brew* in a direction Davis did not take.

Bitches Brew was a culmination of several of Miles' most communicative ideas. The most important, that which made Jimmy Smith (in an unperceptive moment) call it a rock album and did in fact appeal to the rock audience, was directing the percussion section to utilize

a duple beat. Underlying most jazz is the superimposition of a 12/8 meter over the basic 4/4 beat (also called triplets or swing time). For orientation, note that the Beatles' song "This Boy" is an example of 12/8 time.

Miles directed his rhythm section to use rock beats and has his three percussionists start at different times, so to speak; jazz gained a new drive. This is closely related to the sort of drumming Elvin Jones does—just one person playing the parts of three. Mouzon and Moreiro follow in that vein, giving *Weather Report* an infectious rhythmic underpinning.

Harmonically, Zawinul and Shorter again draw on their experience with Miles. By encouraging each instrumentalist to play horizontally, searching for the intervallic relationships between each pair of notes rather than vertically (arpeggios), the Davis Combo often has all 12 tones sounding simultaneously. Since *Weather Report* features fewer musicians, the sound is clearer.

Melodically, Davis differs greatly from his early mentors, Charlie Parker and Dizzy Gillespie. The bebop era was one of extreme velocity, tending to reinforce the prevailing harmony by the

arpeggio or scale used. Ornette Coleman follows in this vein, and was recently criticized in an article by Bill Cole (of *Downbeat*) for his repetitive "lick bag" when he plays faster than he thinks. With characteristic insight, Miles saw that simple playing slower would avoid this and provide more melody for a layman audience. To those missing technical show offs, a Davis influenced musician would usually display superb tone and intonation and demonstrate a facility with difficult melodic leaps and short fast passages (those little difficult notes).

Since *Bitches Brew*, Miles has been searching for more simplicity—I for one think his new guitarist lacks creativity and the rumored collaboration with well known rock drummers will crystallize the meters too much. In my opinion, *Weather Report* offers a more interesting alternative to post *Bitches Brew* Miles-type jazz. Every positive aspect of Miles' style is present: the melodic, intensely searching lead horn (soprano sax in this case), the non-metrical, flexible and responsive percussion work, the horn-like usage of the bass (rather than as part of the rhythm section) and the spaced-out electric piano sound.

Because a quintet is a relatively small group, collective listening and im-

provisation sound more personal, warmer and more human, if you will. As in almost all free form jazz, the compositions are merely the themes, but *Weather Report* worked out arrangements of instrument combinations for an extended range of textures. In addition, the tracks are shorter (four on a side instead of the increasingly common one or two to a side.)

My first thought, after hearing the entire album was "perfection," and I will not change that. A friend of mine who usually does not like modern jazz heard the album and was impressed by it. This might be a sign that this album is accomplishing what all music attempts: an emotional level of communication. My above analysis only tries to present an objective word picture of the group's sound. Naturally, one must listen to appreciate the full effect. I will mention that the opening track, "Milky Way," is an experiment in acoustics (with the tape played backwards so the piano hammers cannot be heard hitting the strings) and "Orange Lady" has Vitous bowing homophonically with Shorter (sounding like a synthesizer). The range of textures on the other tracks is similarly impressive. To echo the liner notes, "magic."

Rock in the summer (cont.)

(Continued from page 6)

5) THE ALLMAN BROTHERS AT FILLMORE EAST

After the four previous groups, all of which are usually categorized with such abstract terms as classical-rock, jazz-rock, or avant garde-rock groups, we finally reach a band that pretty much plays just "dat good ole rock 'n' roll." And as this double-album show, few people play it better than the Allman Brothers Band.

What can you say about this album, other than that it is one of the finest hard-rock records in many a month. The four sides are interestingly programmed, with the band doing some old blues numbers before going into their own strong material with an 18-minute version of Willie Cobb's "You Don't Live Me" successfully serving as a bridge between the two major sections of the double album. The extended renditions of "In Memory of Elizabeth Reed" and "Whipping Post" are nothing short of fantastic - two of the best jams to be heard on record. The group's main attraction is still the guitar work of Duane Allman and Dickie Betts, but the others all turn in fine performances. The main

problem for the listener is that the drummers work so well together and the guitarists trade off leads so smoothly that solo work is difficult to discern, but this only goes to show what a cohesive outfit this band is. Sometimes bringing back memories of Santana, sometimes of the Dead, the Allman Bros. Band is one of our very finest rock bands; after all, not just anyone gets to headline Fillmore's final weekend. At its special price, this album is an especially tempting offering.

6) WHO'S NEXT - The Who

Summer '69 it was *Tommy*, Summer '70 it was *Live At Leeds*, and now we have what may be their best yet, *Who's Next*. Indeed, the Who's new album seems to combine the intelligence and artistry of *Tommy* with the spirited fun of the live album to produce one of the most complete rock albums ever made.

Everything is top-notch: material, performance, sound reproduction. There is not a weak cut; the comparatively minor ones, "Love Ain't For Keeping" and "Goin' Mobile," are well-performed if nothing else. "The Song Is Over," "Gettin' In Tune," and "Behind Blue Eyes" are beautifully presented personal

statements from Pete Townshend (Is this his primal scream LP?), inspired by his recent interest in the philosophies of Meher Baba. The remaining four cuts are definite classics. "Baba O'Riley" is Townshend's first experiment with the synthesizer, and it succeeds by using the new instrument to augment the basic group sound rather than alter it. The lyrics are significant as Townshend shows his concern that the kids he stood up for in "My Generation" have become a "teenage wasteland." "Bargain" is a superbly arranged rock love song, the synthesizer again providing for an effective contrast. While Joh Entwistle's "My Wife" is fairly simple and straightforward, there is something about the song that is irresistible (or is it just the idea of the usually unperturbed Entwistle having to buy a tank to defend himself against his rampaging spouse?)

But the topper is "Won't Get Fooled Again," a cut that shows what the Who can provide at their best: lyrics that stimulate thought and music that stimulates rejoicing. Roger Daltrey

turns in one of his best vocals yet, Entwistle rolls off beautiful bass phrases, and as throughout the record, Townshend's chunky guitar work and Keith Moon's flogging of the drums sounds better than ever. Moon is a paradoxical phenomenon, the best drummer in rock, crashing and bashing but still as precise as a metronome.

I don't know about Meher Baba, but you can sign me up as a believer in Pete Townshend. With a joyful U.S. tour and a wondrous album under their belts (see the album cover for verification), the Who is again the group of the past summer.

There are obviously other recordings and artists who share in the recent upsurge in the quality of rock. However, these six albums, all released fairly close to one another, dramatically testify to the new heights being reached. I don't think that since the Sergeant Pepper era of '67-'68 has there been such hope for rock music to reach its full potential. And when Dylan finally puts in a live appearance, you just know things have got to be looking up.

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Forward into the Past

By JOHN RILEY

BOSS by Mike Royko, E.P. Dutton Co., 215 pages.

"R, you're rare; I, you're important; C, you're courageous; H, you're heavenly; A, you're able; R, you're renowned; D, you're democratic; J, is for your being a joy to know; D, you're diligent; A, you're adorable; L, you're loyal; E, you're energetic; and Y, you're youthful."

-Chicago City Council to Mayor Daley

Jimmy Breslin, reviewing *Boss*, calls it "the best book ever written about a city of this country." In a sense he's right. Seldom in the past has an author exposed in such detail, and with such incisiveness, the inner workings of an urban tyranny.

But all the expertise exhibited by Mike Royko in and of itself fails to qualitatively distinguish his book from numerous other "city stories" published in the last decade. Once corruption and proto-fascism have been exposed, who among the general public cares to have it exposed in more detail? Perhaps the real problem is Chicago: that poor city has been the site of so many Armageddons in modern times - the Democratic conventions, the Chicago Seven trial, the Weathermen's days of rage, the Panther slaughter - that exposure of even the grossest viciousness is considered passe. "Well, yes, but Daley's mayor there, and everyone knows he's rotten."

Royko's book has something extra. Not only is the documentary aspect of *Boss* outstanding, but it's method of presentation, or, if you will, structure, is equally valuable - and this latter trait is seldom found in non-fiction.

The format used by erstwhile-columnist Royko is an extended joke, or comic skit, with the city as the butt and Mayor Daley as the punchline. It reminds one of a monologue by Johnny Carson, where he says this is wrong, and that awful thing happened today, and isn't this team really tragic, but now do you want to hear something funny?

For instance, Royko devotes a section of his book to the City Council. He explains how all the elections are corrupted, and how all the ward lines are

manipulated for the good of the machine. Then what a vast number of the aldermen are controlled by Daley, what will happen if they step out of line. Then hizzoner's control of the council meetings, and the one particular alderman who "until his death... could be expected to leap to his feet and every meeting and cry, 'God bless our mayor, the greatest mayor in the world.'" But Daley rises above the whole welter of



MIKE ROYKO

sordid tyranny and corruption when, at one particularly critical council meeting, he invokes Robert's Rules of Order as "the greatest book ever written."

There are other examples: after all the obscenity of the convention riots, Daley claims that he didn't call Abe Ribicoff a "fucker," he called him a "faker," and then goes on to vehemently

assert, "I never used that language in my life, and you say that or anything and you lie, you're a liar;" or Daley's pride amidst all the corruption of his administration that "I never drank or smoked in my life." The mayor - and only the mayor - can always top his most monumental absurdities with more absurdities. The Sayings of Chairman Richard can always turn the tragedy of a city into comedy.

Royko and, interestingly enough, a number of his fellow urban news columnists, seem to have recently begun indulging in a widespread display of black comedy, or gallows humor. In the case of Chicago, one recalls the classic example of the form: a man, condemned to die, stands on the gallows with the noose tightened around his neck. The hooded executioner asks if he has any last words. The reply, "Not right now."

Our best journalists - Royko, Breslin, Pete Hamill, Nicholas von Hoffman, and Jack McKinney - echo the sentiments of the condemned man with greater and greater frequency. In a sense, of course, these men are simply echoing the taste and attitude of the public. They need to attract readership, and pessimism and black humor are in vogue among the American readership these days.

But besides being reflectors of public sentiment, men like Royko also help to form it. They are among the most acute, attentive and intelligent observers of the urban situation extant. When all that such personages can offer us is depressing, degraded facts, and some macabre jokes so we can laugh at the horror they present, it is clear that the situation has gotten out of control.

All this pessimism has an oddly familiar ring in Philadelphia as November approaches. Chicago has The Mayor, and we have The Commissioner. I even read an Inquirer columnist the other day who praised Jim Tate because "the only measure of success in politics is longevity." Sentimentally recalling the loyalty Tate demanded - and received - from his underlings, the columnists failed to mention the corruption, nepotism and police brutality of those same years. At least Mr. Royko, despite all his apparent pessimism, hasn't gotten quite that resigned to things.

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analecta

Snapshots of the president's body

By ELLIS WEINER

The President is awake before the alarm sounds. He lies in bed. He is very tired.

"It is morning," he thinks. "Another President morning. Morning already. Time to get up."

His wife lies inert beside him. He does not speak to her. He does not turn to look at her. He does not disturb her. The lighted face of the bedside clock reveals the time to be ten of six. The Alarm will begin its insistent ping-ping-ping in ten minutes.

"I am tired," the President thinks. "And there is so much to do today, so very much. Meetings, conferences, telephones. Greetings, dedications, limousines." The President does not want to get up.

He finds his feet are on the floor. He is sitting up before he has the chance to decide what to do. The alarm sounds: ping...ping...ping... He shuts it off. His wife does not stir.

"Dear," he says to her. "Dear. Get up, dear." She does not move. "Honey, it's morning again. Get up." She does not stir.

He cannot remember a time when he was not President.

He is standing in front of the bathroom mirror. His face is lathered to shave. "So that's what the President looks like when he's shaving," he thinks. He runs the razor over his jaw. The blade is new; his jaw bleeds in tiny red dots. He wonders if he should grow a beard. He decides against it.



The President is aware that people look at him. He sees them watching him and he looks back. The President is aware of his own face when he looks at things. He can see a vague beige area between his eyes: his nose. He can see a pink glow: his cheeks. He has always seen these things. They have not changed.

The President practices smiling before a mirror. He notices that the smile does not look convincing unless the eyes wrinkle. He tries wrinkling the eyes when he smiles. His cheeks droop. He is not satisfied, and keeps practicing.

The President is hungry. He pushes a button on the console on his desk. A moment later an aide enters the President's office; his feet make no noise on the deep blue carpet.

"Yes, sir?" asks the aide.

"I'd, uh...will you have...would you go order me a pepperoni pizza and some beer? I'd really like that."

"Yes, sir. Miller's?"

"What?"

"Miller High Life Beer, sir?"

"OH, Yes, of course. Miller's."

"Certainly, sir. I'll be back in about half an hour."

"Thank you."

"You're welcome, sir." The aide leaves.

There, now, the President thinks. Pizza. Those kids should see me eat pizza, that would impress them.

The President wonders if he would have enjoyed mushroom or anchovies better. But it is too late.

He dislikes reporters. They holler, and they are sweaty. Why must they follow him around so? Isn't it a free country? He laughs at that.

He is obsessed with anxiety over caricatures of himself. In every newspaper they bother him. He looks in the mirror often and thinks, Is that me? Who is that man? Is that man the President, or am I THE President? He is confused and resentful. He wonders why people can be so cruel.

A pretty girl is introduced to him at a banquet. She smiles and blushes, and the President wonders what it would be like to sleep with her. As he shakes hands and smiles and wrinkles his eyes and tries to lift his drooping cheeks he thinks about the girl's naked body, her skin, her breasts, her hair, her lips, her tongue, her neck, her hands, her throat, her eyes, her arms, her belly, her thighs, her crotch, her calves, her feet, her navel, her buttocks, her fingers, her ears, her nose, her back, her shoulders, her hips, her sighs, her moans, her fingernails, her teeth, her breath.

He hears her laugh. The President is suddenly disgusted, and eats an olive.

His office terrifies him. It is too much, he thinks. No one should be President. It should be against the law. That thought makes him laugh and laugh, until tears run from his eyes.



Illustrations by
Travis Toly

He tries to keep a diary, and doesn't know where to begin.

Children annoy him.

His stomach hurts, and he feels foolish. He tells his wife.

"Nonsense," she replies. "Presidents have stomachs; they're allowed to have stomach aches."

That makes him feel better. The pain recedes. He plays golf.

The barber cutting his hair remarks that he is balding, and his hair is greying. The President enjoys hearing that; he feels patriarchal.

"Yes," he says to the barber. "Sometimes I think the job gets to me." The barber laughs. The President smiles.

In church he suddenly recalls a magazine article which mentioned that many people thought that God spoke English. That had never occurred to him; he realizes that he, too, had assumed that God spoke English. He wonders what else he had always assumed.

He wants to see *Lawrence of Arabia*, but is afraid to go to a theater where people will recognize him. He has a copy of the film brought to his private theater and invites several colleagues and friends to the screening. The fourteen of them watch the wide screen, the desert, the camels, the sand, the fighting, the dust, the Arabs, and the killing. After the film the President is thirsty.

...

He has absolutely no sexual desire for his wife. The thought makes him sad.

...

A horrifying idea is brewing in the President's head, but it is still vague. He cannot quite interpret it. But he feels uneasy. It occurs to him when he is in the bathroom.

...

He wonders what it would be like to be addicted to heroin. The idea makes him shudder.

...

He deliberately wears light coats in the cold winter weather. His physician warns him about his health. The President smiles.

...

He is eating more and more. His physician warns him about his heart. The President smiles, offers his physician a Miller's.

...



The President cannot listen to music, cannot read books. They bore him. He reads summaries of news from around *The World* which his aides type for him each day.

...

The President has athlete's foot, and tries to hide it from his physician. When the doctor discovers it, he applies to it an ointment, and gives the President a can of powder to apply each morning. The President places the can in the medicine cabinet, and ignores it.

He writes a memo to his domestic staff. It reads:

"I just want you all to know that you are doing a splendid job. It isn't easy, as you know, being President, and my wife and I are very most appreciative of the manner in which you have been carrying out your jobs."

The memo sounds pompous to him. Then he looks in the mirror and remembers that he is President; he dispatches the memo.

The President relishes itching his toes. He looks forward, each evening, to sitting in solitude on the edge of his bed, slipping off his shoes, and firmly kneading his toes with his hands. He stares at the floor, his eyes do not focus on any particular object. His mind is blank. There is only the kneading and scratching, kneading and scratching. His fingers become quite adept at manipulating his toes; his fingers seek out unitched parts of the skin between the toes, around the toes, and on the soles of the feet. He usually leaves his socks on.

In summer it is best. His feet sweat, and they itch more. In winter the athlete's foot almost disappears. The President likes the summer.

Often he tears away the moist, crumpling skin until his foot bleeds. And in the shower the exposed part of his feet sting. But it feels very good to scratch, and the President enjoys it.

...

He is moody. His wife is no help.

...

Golf seems pointless.

...

He considers writing his memoirs. He does not know how to begin.

...

He has just stepped from the shower. As he dries himself, he regards his dripping hairy flabby body. "But this is mine," he says quickly to himself. He suddenly stops, his heart pounding furiously.

He is horrified. He lapses into depression.

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City Guide

Organizations scheduling events in the categories below should send complete information, at least one week in advance, to 34th Street Magazine, Sergeant Hall, 34th and Chestnut Sts. Because of space limitations we cannot guarantee inclusion, but we'll try.

Art

MUSEUMS/ INSTITUTIONS

Art Alliance
251 S. 18th St. K15-4302
Thru Sept. 24: Current Print Show. Mon.-Fri. 10:30-5; Sat. & Sun. 1-5.
Institute of Contemporary Art
34th & Walnut Sts. 594-7108
Sept. 25 to Oct. 30: Rafael Ferrer creates two environments. Atmospheric. Mon.-Fri. 9-5; Wed. 9-9; Sat. & Sun. 12-5. Free.
Philadelphia College of Art
Broad & Pine Sts. 546-0545
Thru Oct. 1: Communications Graphics 1970-1971 & the 50 Best TV Commercials-1970. Mon.-Thurs. 9-9; Fri. 9-6; Sat. 9-12 noon.
Philadelphia Museum of Art
Parkway at 26th St. PO 5-0500
Thru Sept.: "The City/ Two." Thru Sept. 26: Recent Acquisitions of 20th Century Decorative Arts. Sept. 17 to Nov. 28: Drawings & Prints by Giovanni Benedetto Castiglione. Sept. 24 to Nov. 7: Chinese Calligraphy.

GALLERIES

Fontana Gallery
307 Iona Ave. MO 4-3087
Narberth
Thru Sept.: Paintings, Prints & Sculpture by Ariane Berman, & Multiple Dimensions-contemporary "objects." Tues. thru Sat. 11-4:30. Eves. by appt. only.
Marion Locks Gallery
1524 Walnut St. 546-0322
Thru Oct. 31: "New Work in New Space." Daily 11-6; Wed. 'til 9.
Makler Gallery
1716 Locust St. PE 5-2540
Thru Sept.: Recent Acquisitions. October 1-30: Alexander Calder-Sculpture, Drawings, Gouaches, & Lithos. Mon.-Sat. 11-5.
McClellan Gallery
1713 Walnut St. 665-8138
Sept. 26-Oct. 15: Humbert Howard-Oils, Watercolors, Pastels. Mon.-Sat. 10-5; Wed. eves by appt.
Newman Galleries
1625 Walnut St. LO 3-1779
Thru Oct. 9: Norman Guthrie Rudolph-European Watercolors. Mon.-Sat. 9-5:30; Wed. 'til 9.
Peale Galleries
1811 Chestnut St. LO 4-0219
Thru Oct. 13: William Baziotas-Oils & Watercolors, plus Paintings & Drawings by Eugene Baguskas. Tues.-Sat. 10-5; Sun. 1-5.
Philomathean Art Gallery
College Hall, 4th floor BA 2-6698
Sept. 24 thru Oct. 18: Theatre Drawings by Al Hirschfeld. Playing hide-and-seek with Nina. Mon.-Fri. 2-6.
Print Club
1514 Latimer St. PE 5-6090
Thru Oct. 2: Varied works by Fahlen, Limont, Sherman & Youkeles. Daily 10-5; Sat. 12-4.
The Wallnuts
2018 Locust St. 732-8850
Sept. 17-Sept. 31: Fred Danziger-Paintings & Drawings. Mon.-Fri. 10-6; Wed. 'til 8; Sat. 11-6.

Cinema

Adios Sabata
Duke
16th and Chestnut LO3-9881
Cool Yul mixes with Maximilian's Mexicans. Not for the overly intelligent.

The Brotherhood of Satan
Area Theaters
Why are the children starting to disappear from a small town? Only Strother Martin knows. Also starring L.Q. Jones.

Carnal Knowledge
Stage Door Cinema
16th and Market LO3-2775
JONATHON: If you had the choice--SANDY: Yeah?
JONATHON: Would you rather love a girl or have her love you?
SANDY: I'd want it mutual--
Continued next week.

Cry Uncle!
Duchess
16th and Chestnut LO3-9881
As Chubby Checker used to say, "How low can you go?"

The Devils
Midtown
Broad and Chestnut LO7-7021
Ken Russell's latest film deals with madness. Some say his direction is madness. The

film deals with the exorcism of the devils of Loudun and is filled with the visual imagery that is Russell's hallmark.

The Great White Hope and 100 Rifles
Regency
16th and Chestnut LO7-2310
The former is Martin Ritt's lackluster adaption of the great Broadway play. The latter is one bomb that features an amiable performance from Burt Reynolds.

A Gunfight and The Deserter
Goldman
15th and Chestnut LO7-4413
The former pits Kirk Douglas against Johnny Cash, who kills Kirk by singing 87 choruses of "A Boy Named Sue." Who cares about the latter?

Klute
Cinema 19
19th and Chestnut LO9-4175
It's back. Jane Fonda acts her little heart out. Donald Sutherland is properly stolid as a Pennsylvania detective who wears white socks. A lousy mystery, but a thoroughly enjoyable and well-done film nonetheless.

The Omega Man
Milgrim
16th and Market LO4-5868
Bring back the apes
Bring back the apes.

Ryan's Daughter
Trans-Lux
15th and Chestnut LO3-3086
What can you say about the headstrong daughter of an Irish pub keeper, who marries the village school teacher and has an affair with a wounded British army officer during the tumultuous days of World War I?

Shaft
Fox
16th and Market LO7-6007
Black Bogart belts baddies, balls broads.

Soul to Soul
Mark I
Holiday Inn, 18th and Market LO4-6222
A Black Woodstock?

Together
Arcadia
16th and Chestnut LO8-0928
See review of Cry Uncle!

The Touch
Eric I
1907 Walnut LO7-0230
Bergman's first English language film. A story of love starring Elliott Gould, Bibi Anderson and Max von Sydow. Not your usual Berman film.

West Side Story and Around the World in 80 Days
Eric II
1911 Walnut LO7-4986
New York gangs rumble in ballet slippers and the man who went around the world in 80 days before S.J. Perelman.

U OF P CAMPUS

JULES & JIM
Christian Association Film Society
Christian Association Auditorium
Sept. 18: 7:30, 9:30, 11:15 P.M. 75c

ROCCO AND HIS BROTHERS
Christian Association Film Society
Christian Association Auditorium
Sept. 22: 7:30 and 10:00 P.M. 75c

A MAN AND A WOMAN
Romance Language Club Movie, Sept. 16
Irvine Auditorium, 7 and 9:30 P.M. \$1.

PATTON
Penn Union Council Movie
Irvine Auditorium, Sept. 17, 7 and 9:30 P.M. \$1.

THE MUSIC LOVERS
Romance Language Club Movie
Irvine Auditorium, Sept. 18, 7 P.M. \$1.

THE GOOD, THE BAD, AND THE UGLY
Penn Union Council Movie
Irvine Auditorium, Sept. 19, 7 and 9:30 P.M. \$1.

IFC FLICK FESTIVAL
Inter-Fraternity Council
Irvine Auditorium, Sept. 21, 7 P.M.

Music

MAIN POINT
874 Lancaster Ave. LA 5-3375
September 16-19--Dave Van Ronk, Ron McKinnon, will perform. Well, you know, uh, you see, he's like, gee, pretty fine, with raspy voice, impeccable guitar work, and quite the repertoire...

WORLD CONTROL STUDIOS
5318 Germantown Ave. GE 8-5454
September 17-18--The Sorry Mothers appear in this fine coffee-house. Prepare yourselves for the re-appearance of Utah Phillips, the golden voice of the great Southwest; next weekend.

SPECTRUM
September 16--The Bee Gees. They may warm the very cockles of your heart, or they may raise the hackles on your neck.
September 19--Nina Simone, Pharoah Sanders, Mandrill, Leon Thomas, Voices of East Harlem, the Undisputed Truth, will all be together for the Quaker City Jazz Festival. Can't miss.

Theatre

THE PRISONER
Hedgerow Theatre
Moylan, Pa. LO 6-2482
Through October 2. Thursday through Saturday at 8:30 P.M.
1776
Forrest Theatre WA 3-1515
1114 Walnut Street
Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8 P.M.
Matinees at 2 P.M. Wednesdays, Thursdays, and Saturdays.

THE M^{RS} NOBODY KNOWS
Playhouse in the Park GR 7-1700
Through September 18. Mondays through Fridays at 8 P.M. Saturdays at 6 and 9:30 P.M.

THE RISE AND FALL OF THE ENTIRE WORLD AS SEEN THROUGH THE EYES OF COLE PORTER
Manning Street Theatre
15th and Lombard KI 5-7306
Wednesdays, Thursdays, and Fridays at 8 P.M. Saturdays at 9:30 P.M. Sundays at 3 P.M.

FIDDLER ON THE ROOF
Valley Forge Music Fair
Devon, Pa. NI 4-5000
Through September 18 - Monday through Friday at 8:30 P.M. - Saturday at 9:30 P.M.

THE HEADHUNTERS
Bucks County Playhouse
New Hope, Pa. 862-2041
Through September 26.

CATCH ME IF YOU CAN
Abbey Stage Door
4615 Rising Sun Avenue PI 2-8324
Friday and Saturday at 8:30 P.M.

TV Movies

THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 16
"Affair in Trinidad" (1952). Rita Hayworth, Glenn Ford. 4:30 P.M. (10).
"The Secret Invasion" (1964). Stewart Granger, Mickey Rooney. 8:30 P.M. (17) (C).
"Harper" (1966). Paul Newman, Lauren Bacall, Julie Harris. 9 P.M. (10) (C).
"High Flight" (1958). Ray Milland, Anthony Newley. 11:30 P.M. (17).
"Private Potter" (1962). Tom Courtenay, James Maxwell. 1 A.M. (10).

FRIDAY, SEPTEMBER 17
"The Americano" (1954). Glenn Ford, Frank Lovejoy. 4:30 P.M. (11) (C).
"Once Upon a Dead Man" (1971). Rock Hudson, Susan Saint James. 8:30 P.M. (3) (C).
"I Could Go on Singing" (1963). Judy Garland, Dirk Bogarde. 8:30 P.M. (17) (C).
"Terror in the Sky" (1946). Doug McClure, Roddy McDowall. 9:30 P.M. (10) (C).
"The Verdict" (1946). Sydney Greenstreet, Peter Lorre. 11 P.M. (48).
"Magnificent Obsession" (1954). Jane Wyman, Rock Hudson, Barbara Rush, Agnes Moorehead. 11:30 P.M. (10) (C).
"Public Enemy" (1931). James Cagney, Jean Harlow. 11:30 P.M. (17).
"Swamp Water" (1941). Dana Andrews, Walter Brennan. 1 A.M. (6).
"The Fastest Guitar Alive" (1947). Roy Orbison, Sammy Jackson. 1:35 A.M. (10) (C).

SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 18
"Kiss Me Kate" (1953). Kathryn Grayson, Howard Keel. 4 P.M. (10) (C).
Double Feature: 1. "The Creeping Unknown" (1955). 2. "The Brighton Strangler" (1945). 7:30 P.M. (48).
Double Feature: 1. "The Awful Dr. Orloff" (1961). 2. "The Werewolf" (1966). 7 P.M. (17).
"The Birdmen" (1971). Doug McClure, Chuck Connors, Richard Basehart. 8:30 P.M. (6) (C).
"The Alamo" (1960). John Wayne, Richard Widmark, Richard Boone. Part 1: 9 P.M. (3) (C).

"I Could Go on Singing" (1963). Judy Garland, Jack Klugman. 11 P.M. (17). 9c0.
"Boeing, Boeing" (1965). Jerry Lewis, Tony Curtis. 11:25 P.M. (10) (C).
"Terror by Night" (1946). Basil Rathbone, Nigel Bruce. 11:30 P.M. (48).
"The Prodigal" (1955). Lana Turner, Edmund Purdom. 11:30 P.M. (3) (C).
"A Double Life" (1948). Ronald Coleman. 12 mid. (6).
"Last of the Fast Guns" (1958). Jock Mahoney. 1:25 A.M. (10) (C).
"Battle at Bloody Beach" (1961). Audie Murphy. 2 A.M. (6).

SUNDAY, SEPTEMBER 19

"I Could Go on Singing" (1963). Judy Garland, Dirk Bogarde. 7 P.M. (17) (C).
"Guess Who's Coming to Dinner" (1967). Sidney Poitier, Katharine Hepburn, Spencer Tracy. 7:30 P.M. (10) (C).
"El Dorado" (1967). John Wayne, Robert Mitchum. 9 P.M. (6) (C).
"Secrets of Women" (1952). Eva Dahlbeck, Gunner Bjornstrand. 9 P.M. (17).
"The Best of Enemies" (1961). David Niven, Michael Wilding. 12 mid. (6) (C).
"The Lady Takes a Flyer" (1957). Lana Turner, Jeff Chandler. 1 A.M. (10) (C).
The
"The Stranger Wore a Gun" (1953). Randolph Scott. 2:50 A.M. (10) (C).

MONDAY, SEPTEMBER 20

"Rancho Notorious" (1952). Marlene Dietrich. 4:30 P.M. (10) (C).
"I Could Go on Singing" (1963). Jack Klugman, Dirk Bogarde. 8:30 P.M. (17) (C).
"The Alamo" (1960). John Wayne, Richard Widmark, Richard Boone. Part 2: 9 P.M. (3) (C).
"Danger Signal" (1945). Zachary Scott, Dick Erdman. 11:30 P.M. (17).
"Riders of Vengeance" (1953). Richard Conte, Barbara Britton. 2 A.M. (10) (C).

TUESDAY, SEPTEMBER 21

"Hilda Crane" (1956). Jean Simmons. 4:30 P.M. (10) (C).
"Congratulations, It's a Boy" (1971). Bill Bixby, Diane Baker. 8:30 P.M. (6) (C).
"In Love and War" (1958). Robert Wagner, Jeffrey Hunter. 8:30 P.M. (17) (C).
"The Black Rose" (1950). Tyrone Power, Orson Welles. 11:30 P.M. (17) (C).
"The Crawling Eye" (1958). Forrest Tucker. 1 A.M. (10).

WEDNESDAY, SEPTEMBER 22

"King of the Roaring 20's" (1961). David Janssen, Mickey Rooney. 4:30 P.M. (10).
"Middle of the Night" (1959). Kim Novak, Fredric March. 8:30 P.M. (17).
"I Could Go on Singing" (1963). Judy Garland, Dirk Bogarde. 11:30 P.M. (17) (C).
"Bengal Brigade" (1954). Rock Hudson, Arlene Dahl. 1 A.M. (10) (C).

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RIVERRUN 8:40

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